
Pro Rege

Volume 16
Number 1 *Arts Issue*

Article 3

September 1987

Mother China

Helen Petter Westra
Dordt College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Westra, Helen Petter (1987) "Mother China," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 16: No. 1, 12.
Available at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol16/iss1/3

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at Digital Collections @ Dordt. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pro Rege by an authorized administrator of Digital Collections @ Dordt. For more information, please contact ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu.

Mother China

A thousand million children she has borne.
Sometimes she sings, sometime moans
as her offspring cling to her,
leaving their fingerprints on her body,
caressing her sunburned face and hands.
Gently they pat her knees
as she squats on flat peasant feet
her straw sandals pointing obliquely
like hands on a clock.

Her children
whisper and sigh in her greenhill skirts.
They lean on her soft sloping belly.
they cling to her hips,
breathing her scent,
moved by her pulse.
Held by the moonpale curve of her arms,
they press for more, hope for more
with their fingers and hands at her breasts.

In the dusk on a hilltop a woman rests
by an ancient black cypress and a grove of bamboos.
Cool mists soothe her forehead,
touch her temples with gray.

In a quiet pavilion she burns two joss sticks;
the silvery smoke circles up.
Drinking strong leaf tea and puffing her pipe,
she peers in the distance
with eyes like old planets.

She has seen dynasties fall,
warlords to battle,
watched the house of Qin build the Great Wall,
heard the cries of slaves
hauling boats on the Yangtse,
felt cut by north winds sharp as a sword.

Her shoulders are calloused,
and the weight of five thousand years
bends her back.

In the sunset a lone crane,
its wings like great cartwheels, swoops slowly.
Rainy vapour will soon veil the peaks.

Helen Westra

Iowa Bounty

In periodic courtship,
the prairie turns again
to her lovers,
shaking her springy
hair in the wind,
her hips curved against the sky,
her tawny shoulders to the sun,
roads like slim belts circling her waist,
towns nestled between her breasts,
the fingers of waiting siloes beckoning.

Seductive, fragrant, mysterious,
the land is ready,
her flesh pliant over strong limbs,
her body outstretched, satin
in moonlight, self-possessed, certain
to yield.

Helen Westra

Fishbowl

All day I see only ebony hair
amber skin brown eyes
tiny waists fine hands
slight ankles small feet

In a window I meet myself
pink blouse among grey shirts
pale eye among black coals
hello in a collective *ni hao*
plump goldfish in a school
of darting tetras.

Helen Westra